



WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?

STILL
ONLY
20¢

THE SHADOW

NO. 8

JAN

30684

THE

Shadow

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

NIGHT OF THE MUMMY!



FRANK
ROBBIN

FROM THE RUINS OF AN
ANCIENT MAYAN TEMPLE,
IT COMES, REEKING OF
DECAY AND BRINGING
SWIFT, BRUTAL DEATH
TO ALL IN ITS PATH...

WHAT IS THE REASON
FOR ITS MERCILESS
RAMPAGE? WHAT
DARK MOTIVE HIDES
IN THE HEART OF A
CREATURE CENTURIES
DEAD? THE SHADOW
MUST FIND AN ANSWER
...BEFORE THE DARK
DEEDS ARE FINALLY
DONE!

FOLLOW HIM AS HE STRIVES TO
LEARN THE BLEAK SECRET OF THE
CREATURE WHO CANNOT BE
STOPPED, AS HE PLUNGES INTO...

THE NIGHT OF THE

I CERTIFY
THE EVENTS
RELATED
HEREIN TO
BE TRUE.
THE SHADOW

DENNY O'NEIL +
FRANK
KRONTEURS

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TWILIGHT IN A CENTRAL AMERICAN JUNGLE... AND IN THE FOREBODING SHADOW OF AN ANCIENT MAYAN TEMPLE, THE LOVELY MARGO LANE SPEAKS TO PROFESSOR EUSTACE ZANE...

I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU, PROFESSOR!

YOUR WORK IS FASCINATING!

MORE THAN THAT, MISS LANE... WE'VE MADE HISTORY THIS PAST WEEK!

WHEN WE BEGAN THE EXPEDITION, NOBODY IMAGINED WHAT WE'D FIND...

-- A MUMMY HERE IN THE AMERICAS... IN A MAYAN TEMPLE, YET! UNTIL NOW, MUMMIES WERE FOUND EXCLUSIVELY IN EGYPT!

I CAN'T WAIT TO PRESENT OUR DISCOVERY TO THOSE FUDDY-DIDDIES AT THE MUSEUM...

SOMEONE CALLING... IT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR HELPER, MCMASTERS-- AND HE'S IN TROUBLE!

HELP!

WITHIN THE CRUMBLING WALLS...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... THE MUMMY--!

STOP BEING ASTONISHED, PROFESSOR-- AND MOVE! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

G G G G

BUT... BEFORE THEY CAN ACT, THEY HEAR A CHILL, ECHOING LAUGH--



RELEASE
THE AMERICAN--

--AND CHARGE!-- TO BE MET BY SPITTING AUTOMATICS --



--OR FEEL
THE WRATH OF
THE SHADOW!



HALT!

--OR I WILL NOT
AIM AT YOUR
WEAPONS!*

BLAM!

BLAM!

YOU'VE
BEEN
WARNED!

*NOTE: TRANSLATED FROM
THE NATIVE DIALECT!
EDITOR

AT THE ICY COMMAND,
THE SWATHED FIGURE
RELEASES McMASTERS
AND MOTIONS... LITHE
FIGURES HEED HIS
UNSPOKEN ORDER--

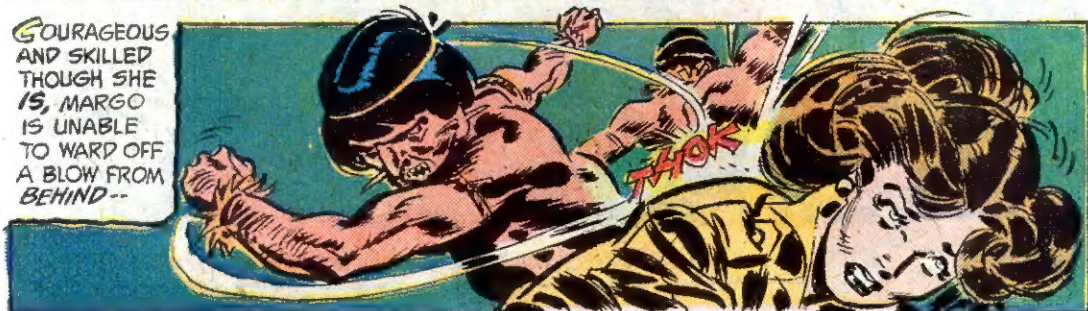
HOWEVER, THE STONES BENEATH
THE CLOAKED AVENGER'S FEET
GAPE WIDE... HE DROPS--



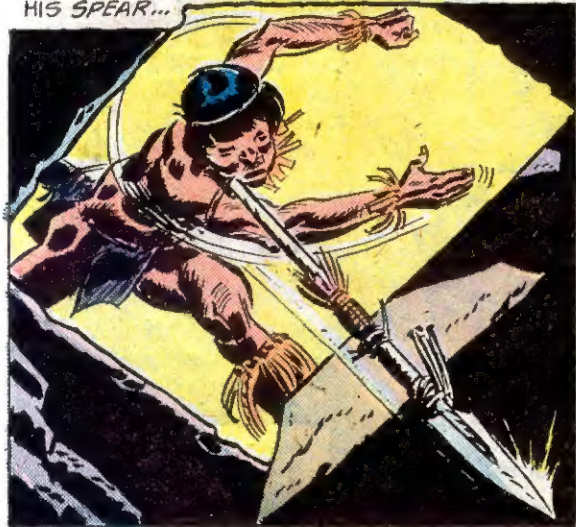
T-THE TRAP...
THE MAYANS
BUILT IT
TO KILL
INTRUDERS--

THE PROFESSOR IS
PARALYZED WITH
FRIGHT! IF ANY-
ONE'S GOING TO
GIVE THE SHADOW
A HAND, IT'LL HAVE
TO BE ME!

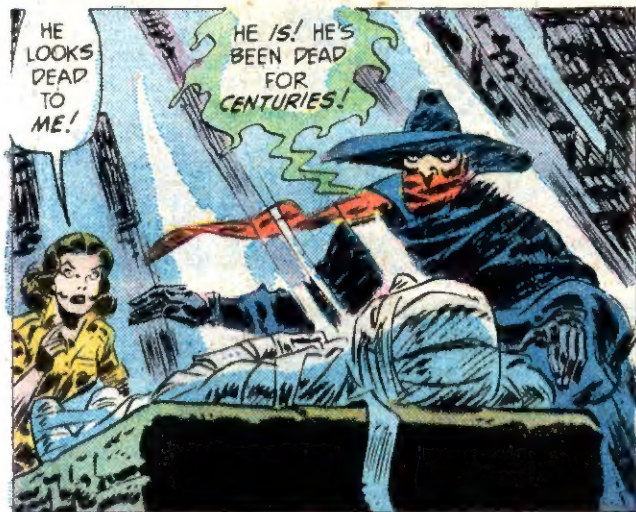
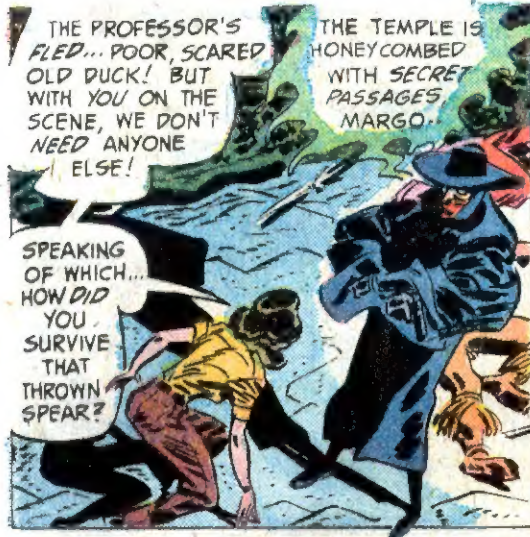




-- AND AS SHE DROPS STUNNED, THE NATIVE HURLS HIS SPEAR...



CONTINUED ON 352 PAGE FOLLOWING.



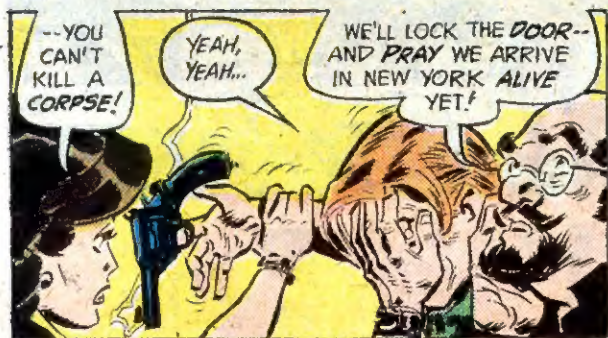
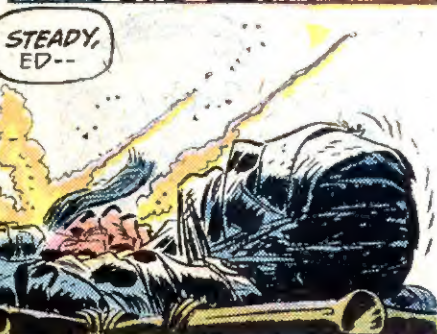
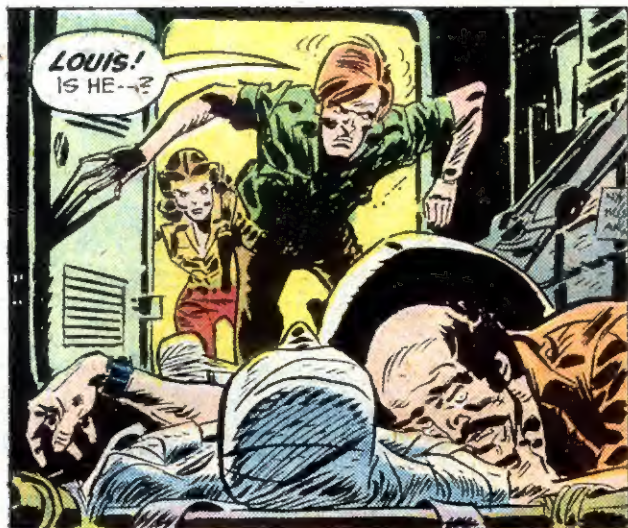


A ROAR OF ENGINES... AND THE FORD TRI-MOTOR BUMPS ALONG THE CRUDE RUNWAY AND LIFTS--

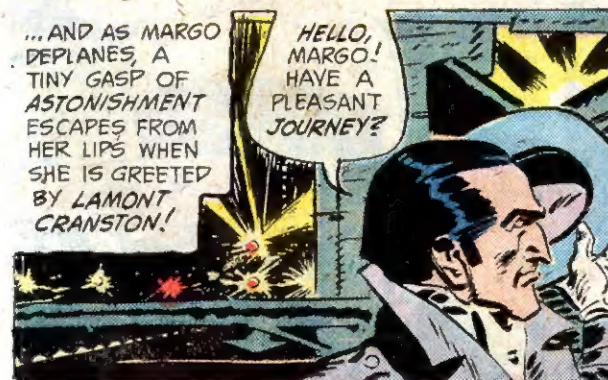


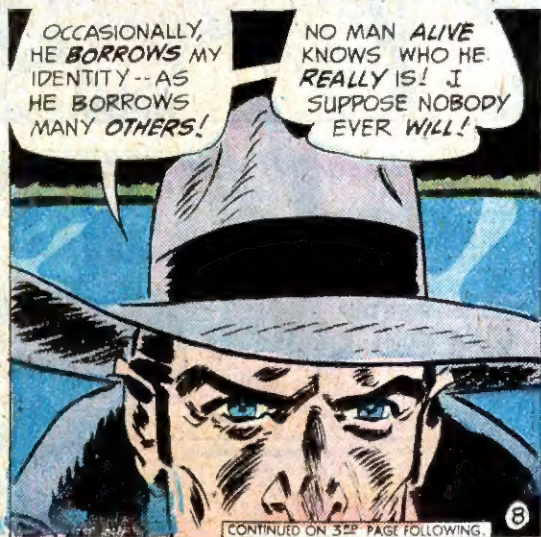
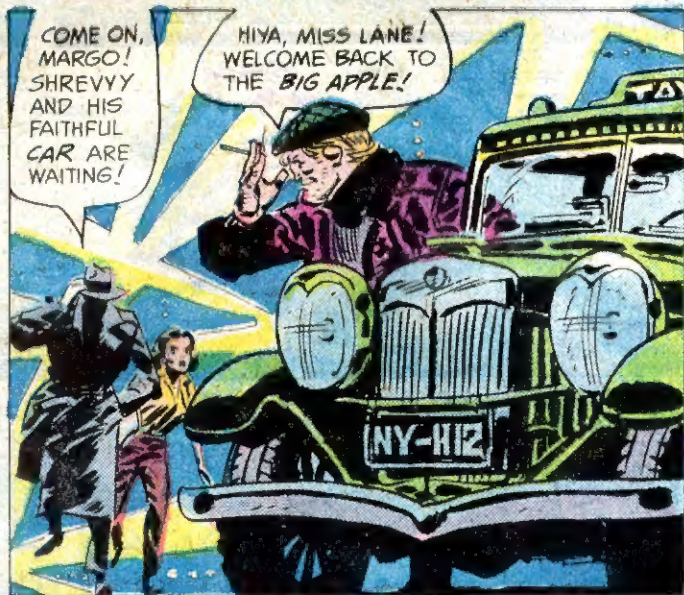
FOUR HOURS LATER, TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE OCEAN...



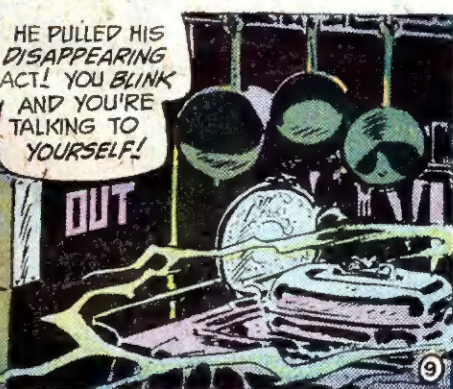
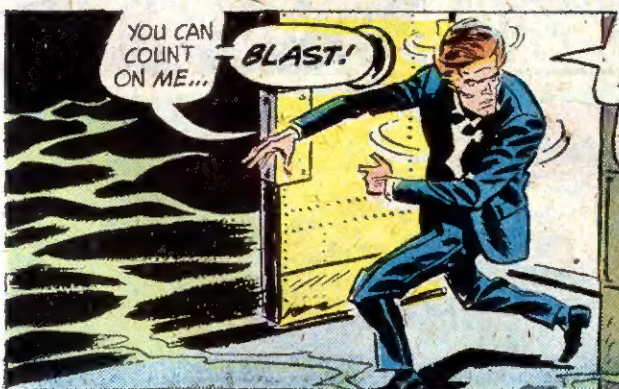
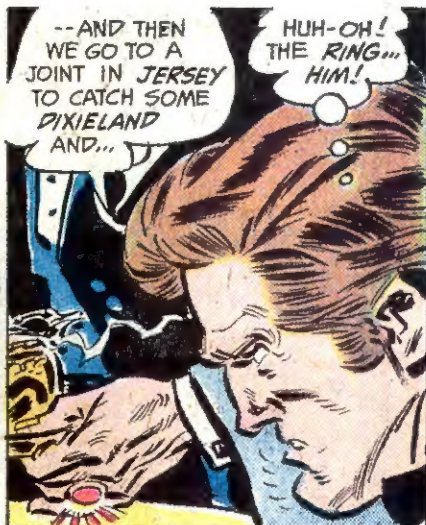
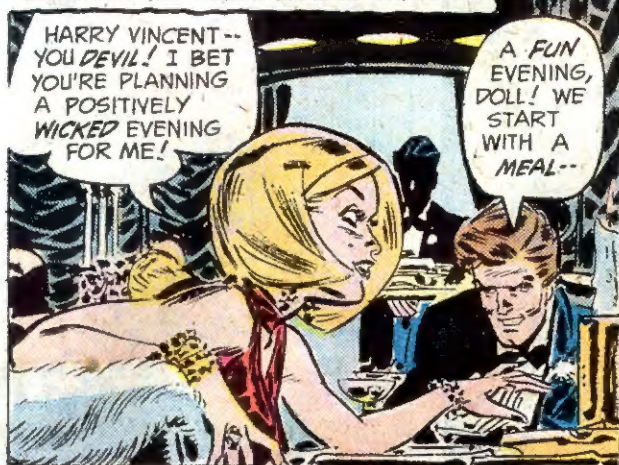


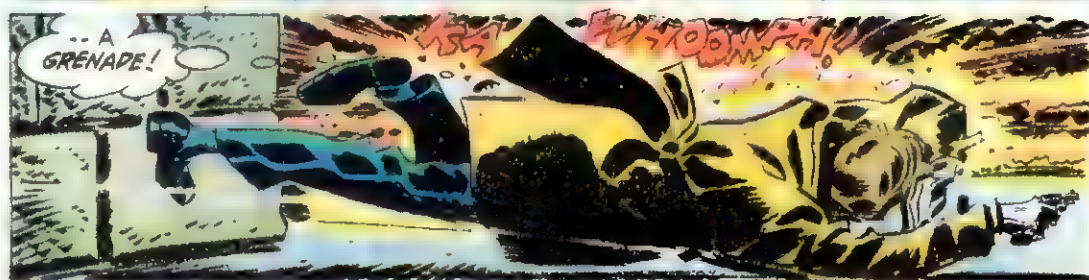
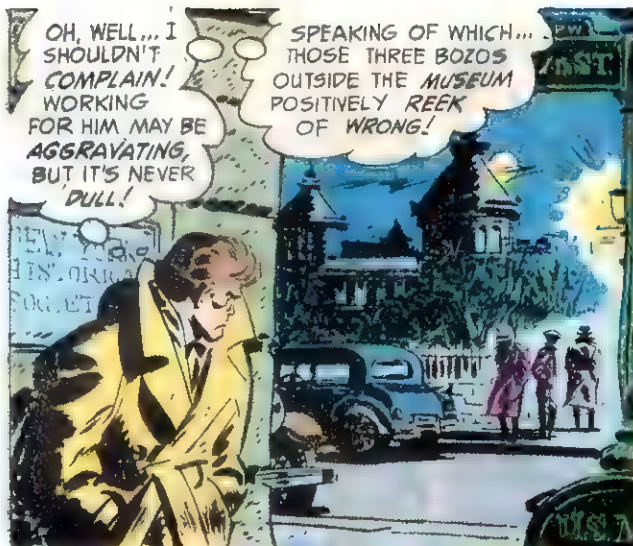
NIGHT SHROUDS THE CITY AS THE AIRCRAFT LANDS AT LA GUARDIA FIELD...

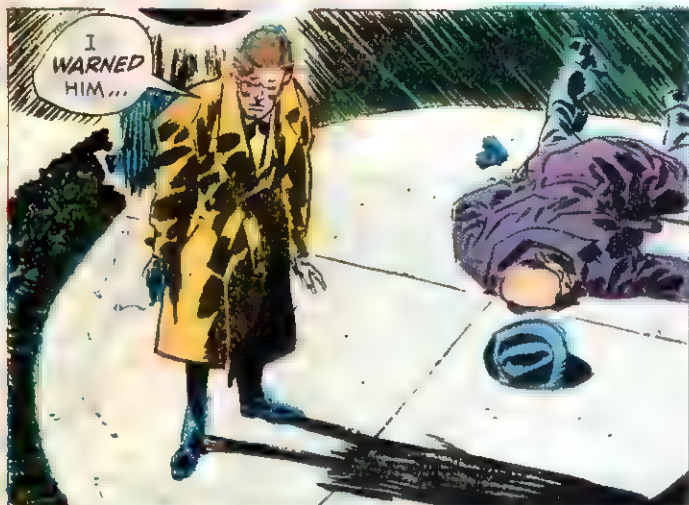




ELSEWHERE, ANOTHER OF THE SHADOW'S AGENTS IS EXERTING HIS CONSIDERABLE CHARM...

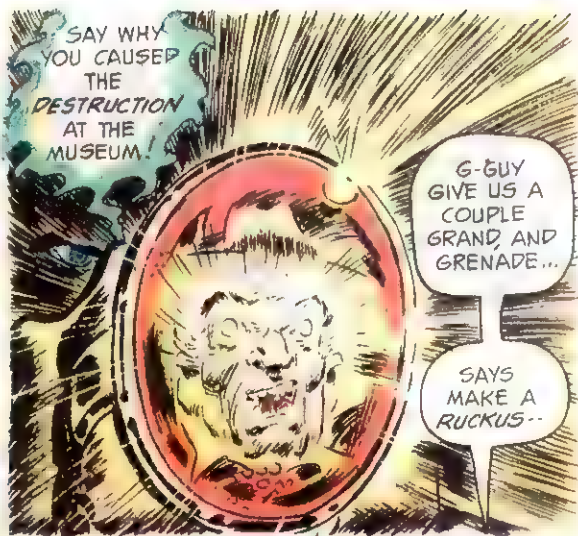
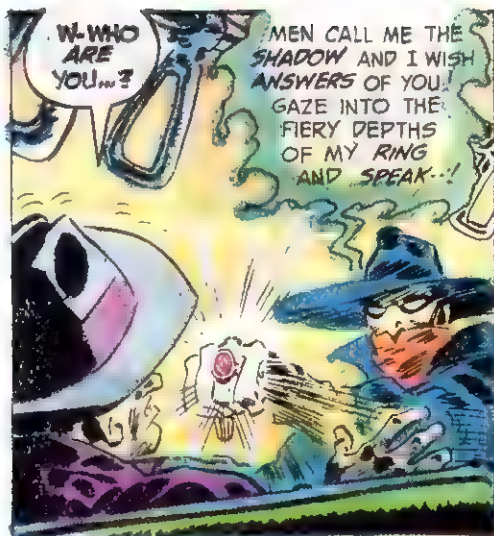






MEANWHILE, THE *THIRD* HOODLUM HAS
REACHED A SUBWAY STATION--AND, HE
THINKS, *SAFETY*...

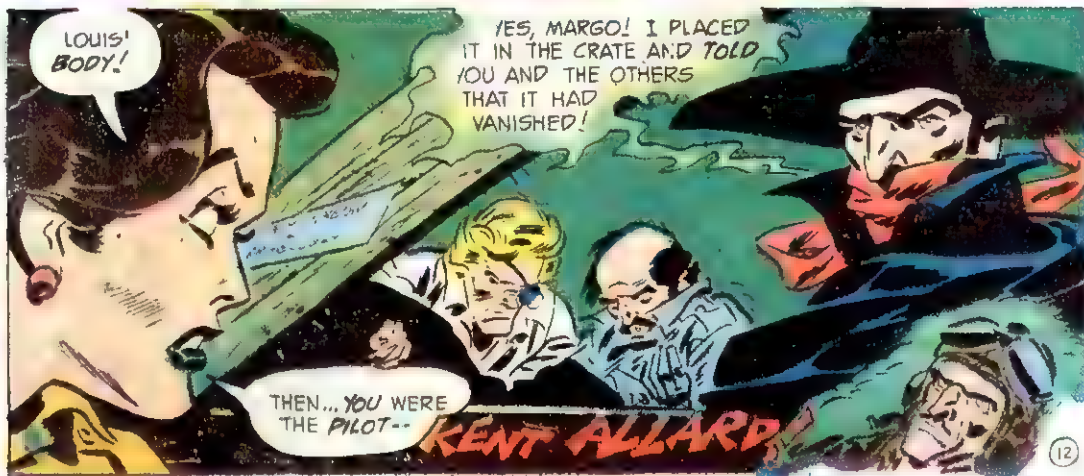
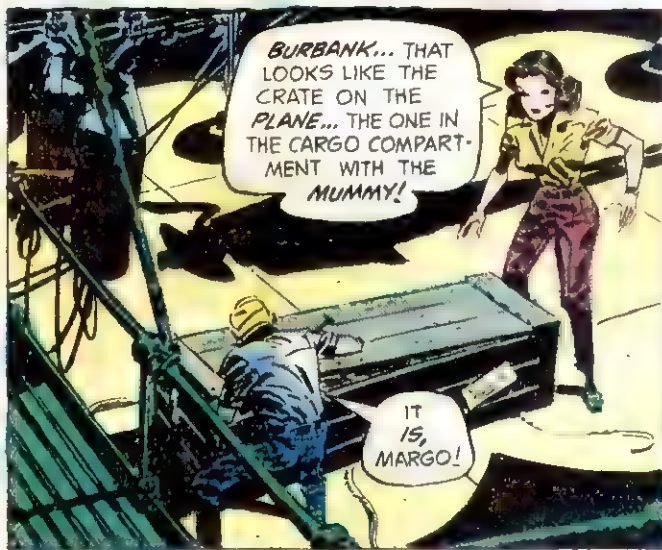


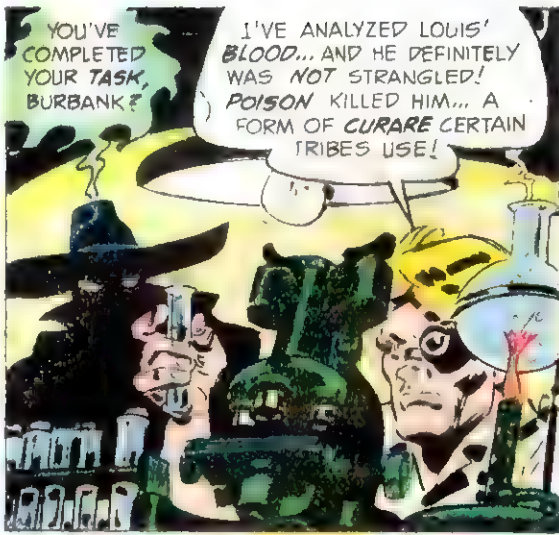


AT THE NEXT STOP...



... AND AT A PLACE KNOWN ONLY TO A SELECT FEW--





YOU'VE COMPLETED YOUR TASK, BURBANK?

I'VE ANALYZED LOUIS' BLOOD... AND HE DEFINITELY WAS NOT STRANGLED! POISON KILLED HIM... A FORM OF CURARE CERTAIN TRIBES USE!



AS I DEDUCED... SOMEONE PUT THE LETHAL MIXTURE IN HIS COFFEE, HOPING WE'D CONCLUDE THE MUMMY MURDERED HIM!

CLEVER... BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! FOR IT GIVES ME THE CLUE I REQUIRE TO CATCH A KILLER!

AN HOUR LATER, AT THE MUSEUM...



PROFESSOR ZANE? I'M HARRY VINCENT... A FRIEND OF MARGO LANE'S!

MISS LANE! A CHARMING GIRL, YET!

SHE ASKED ME TO PLAY MOTHER HEN TO YOU!



ISN'T IT A BIT EARLY TO BE ARRIVING FOR WORK, PROF?

I WAS TOO EXCITED BY OUR DISCOVERY TO SLEEP! BESIDES I HAVE MATTERS TO SETTLE WITH MY ASSISTANT!



EVERYTHING IS COPASETIC?

A BIT OF EXCITEMENT OUTSIDE, PROFESSOR-- BUT HERE, IT'S BEEN QUIET AS SUNDAY SCHOOL!

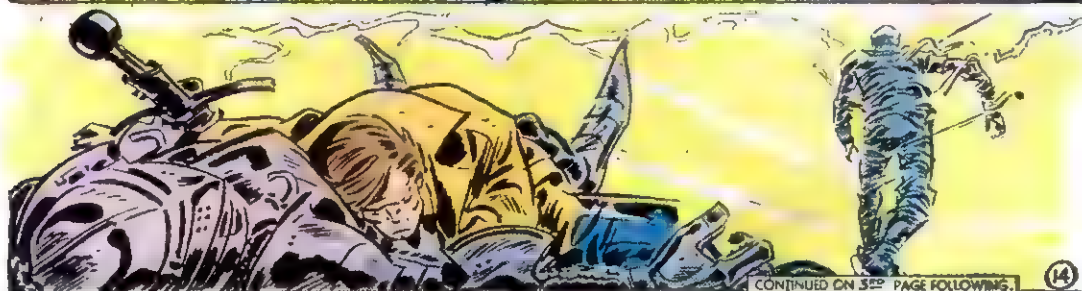
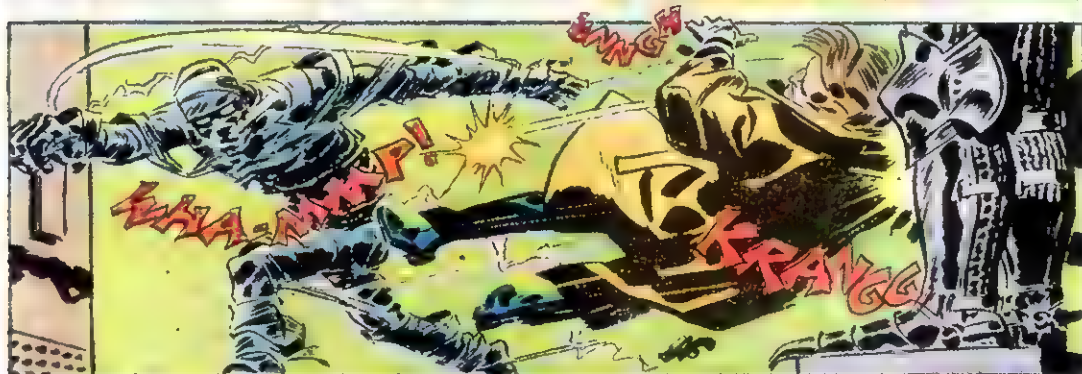
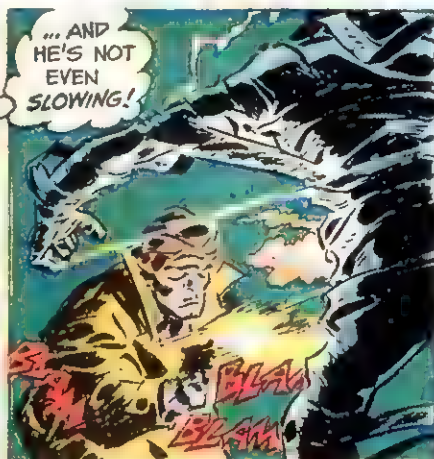
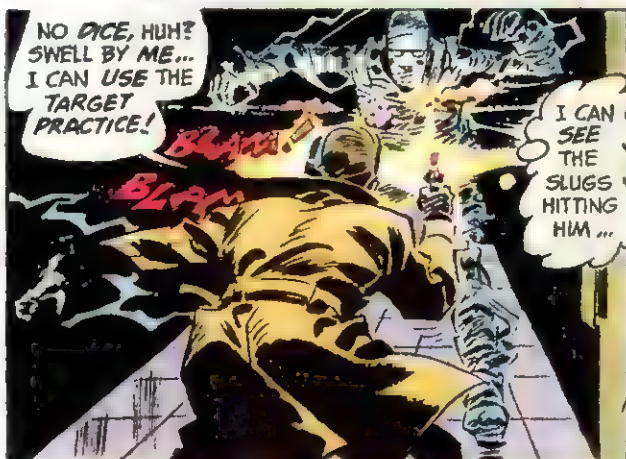
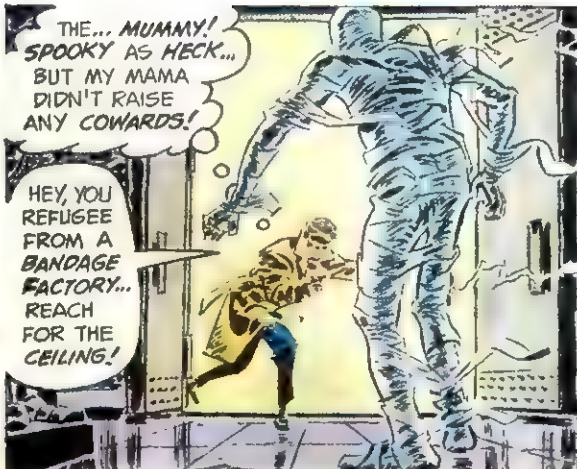
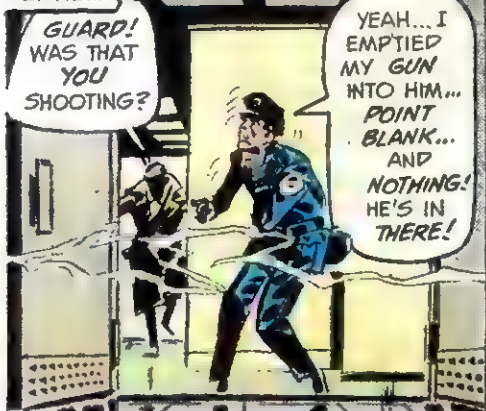


~~SUDDENTLY~~ THE QUIET IS SHATTERED BY...

SHOTS! PROF, LOCK YOURSELF IN YOUR OFFICE! I SMELL TROUBLE!

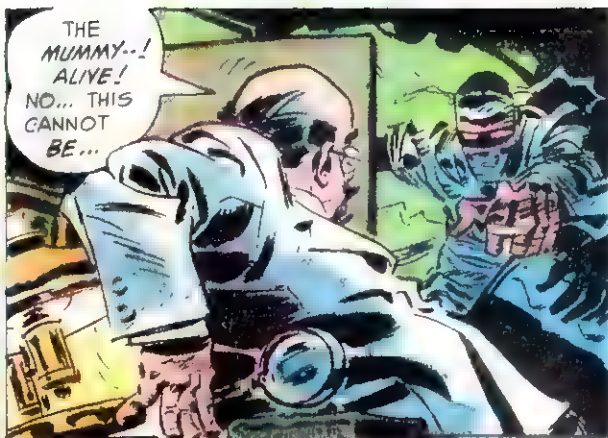
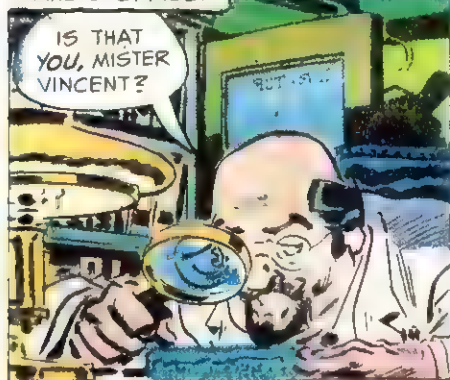
CHECK ROOM

LARRY RACES ALONG DIM CORRIDORS,
UNTIL...



CONTINUED ON 322 PAGE FOLLOWING.

A MINUTE LATER, IN PROFESSOR ZANE'S OFFICE...



AND, INSIDE...

I BLEW IT, CHIEF! THE MUMMY WHACKED ME LIKE THE BABE SWATTING A LONG BALL!

A GUARD SAW HIM-- OR IT-- COME OUT OF ZANE'S OFFICE...

... AND DUCK IN HERE! ONLY THERE'S NOBODY AROUND--

MUMMY EXHIBIT

--EXCEPT HIM!

NO SIGN OF LIFE--!

OF COURSE NOT, MARGO! AS I TOLD YOU... HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR CENTURIES!

BUT I THINK WE'LL FIND THAT IF WE PRESS A HIDDEN STUD--

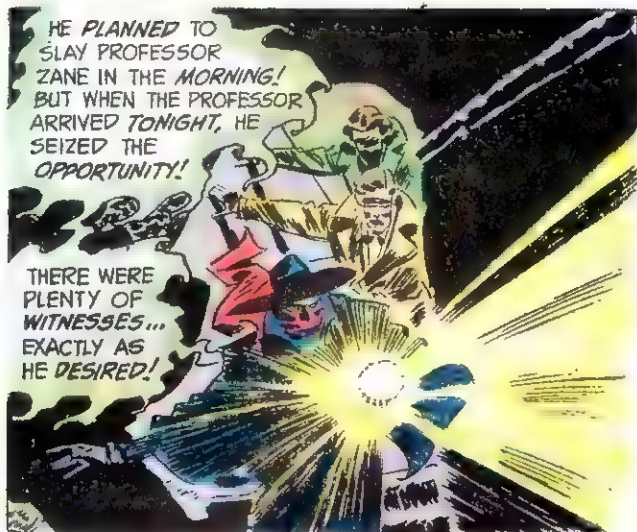
KLIK!

--WE'LL DISCOVER A CONCEALED ESCAPE-ROUTE!

HOW THE BLAZES DID YOU DOPE THAT OUT?

SIMPLE! OUR MURDERER HIRED THUGS TO LURE THE GUARDS OUTSIDE BY BLOWING UP A CAR...

...SO HE COULD FINISH A JOB HE BEGAN EARLIER! RIGGING UP THIS MUMMY-EXHIBIT ON A ROTATING-DISPLAY PLATFORM... USED BY THE MUSEUM FOR OTHER EXHIBITS... OVER A LONG-FORGOTTEN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE!



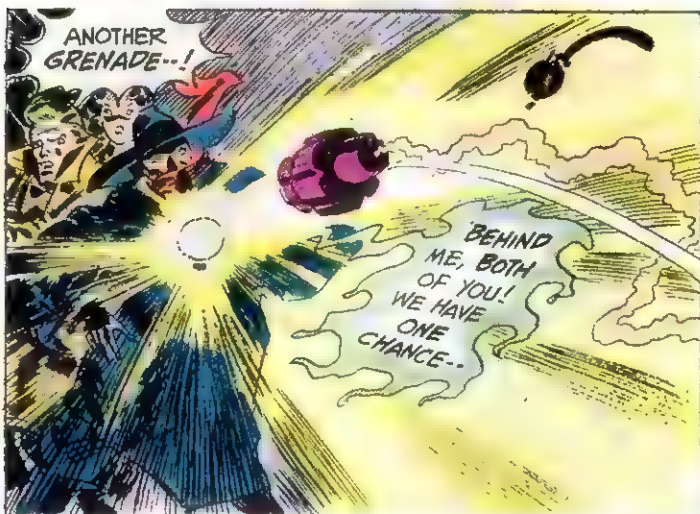
HE PLANNED TO
SLAY PROFESSOR
ZANE IN THE MORNING!
BUT WHEN THE PROFESSOR
ARRIVED TONIGHT, HE
SEIZED THE
OPPORTUNITY!

THERE WERE
PLENTY OF
WITNESSES...
EXACTLY AS
HE DESIRED!



YOU STILL
HAVEN'T
TOLD US
THE HOW
AND THE
WHY--

QUIET,
HARRY!
I HEAR
SOMETHING
IN THE
PASSAGE
AHEAD!



ANOTHER
GRENADE--!

BEHIND
ME, BOTH
OF YOU!
WE HAVE
ONE
CHANCE--

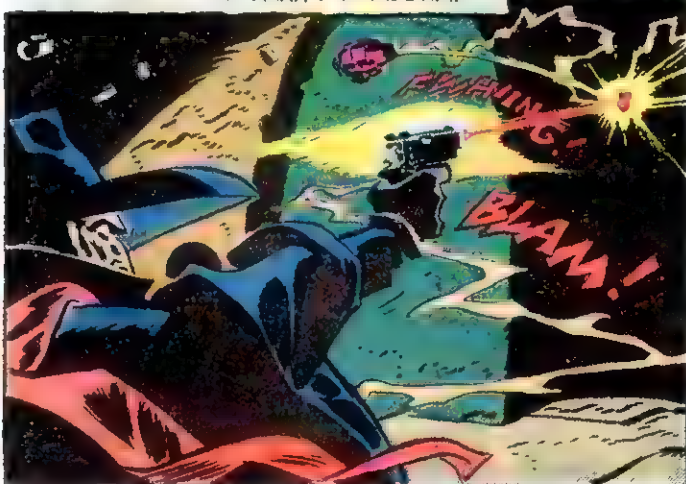
INSTANTLY AN
AUTOMATIC APPEARS IN THE
SHADOW'S FIST--



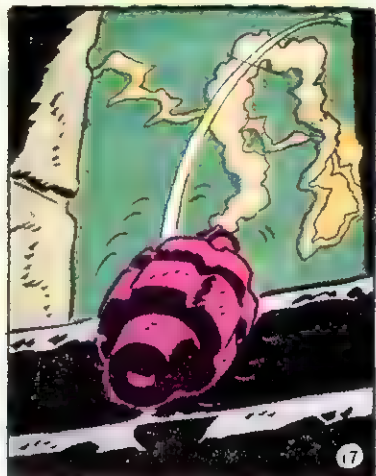
**BLAM
BLAM**

-- HIS UNERRING BULLETS CAROM THE DEADLY MISSILE
TO ONE SIDE OF THE DARK PASSAGEWAY--

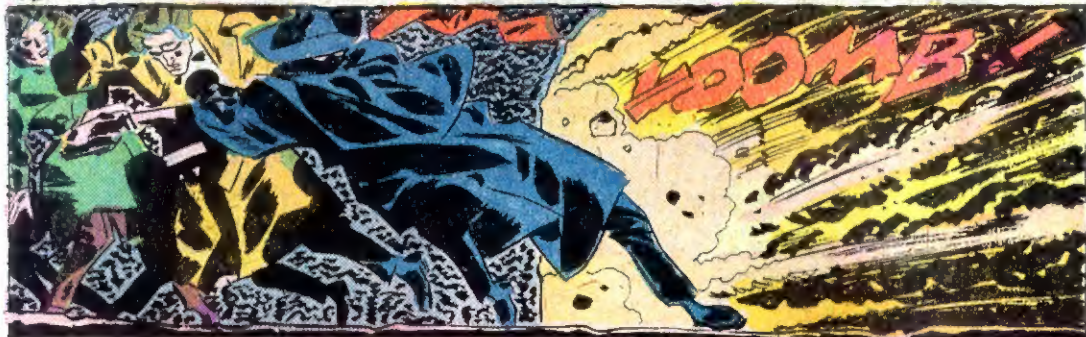
-- WHERE IT TUMBLES DOWN A
FLIGHT OF STAIRS--



BLAM!



AN ERUPTION OF EXPLOSIVE AND STEEL SHAKES THE MUSEUM'S VERY FOUNDATIONS--



WHEW... CLOSE!
HOW'D YOU KNOW
THOSE STAIRS
WERE THERE?

IT IS MY
BUSINESS
TO KNOW!

I GUESS THIS
ENDS THE TRAIL!
OUR QUARRY HAS
ESCAPED!



THEN, IN A STOREROOM ON THE MUSEUM'S TOP FLOOR...



NONSENSE,
MARGO! HIS
IDENTITY IS
OBTAINABLE!
HE IS NEAR...
AS IS HIS
DOOM!

YOU MAY
LEAVE!
YOUR WORK
IS FINISHED!
AND MINE
WILL SOON
BE!



I'M GLAD TO
GET LOOSE FROM
THESE BANDAGES!
I'LL NEVER HAVE
TO WEAR 'EM
AGAIN!

HA HA HA HA HA HA



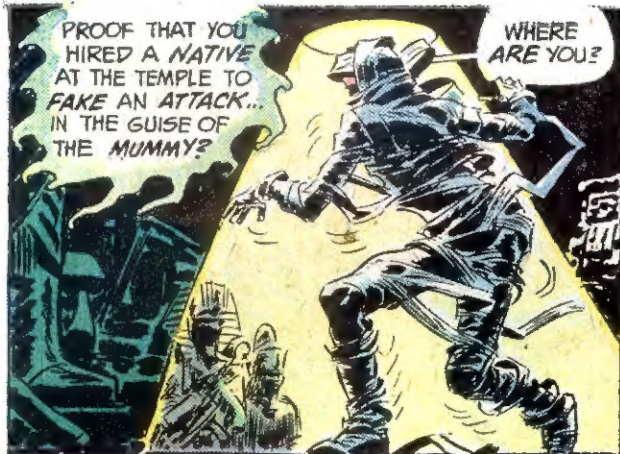
THE...
SHADOW?

YES--
COME TO EXACT
JUSTICE!



YOU DON'T
SCARE ME! YOU
HAVE NO PROOF..!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.



PROOF THAT YOU
HIRED A *NATIVE*
AT THE TEMPLE TO
FAKE AN ATTACK...
IN THE GUISE OF
THE MUMMY?

WHERE
ARE YOU?



PROOF THAT YOU
POISONED *LOUIS* AND ATTACKED
HARRY VINCENT TO DISTRACT
THE AUTHORITIES... SO *ZANE'S*
SLAYING WOULD SEEM MERELY
ONE OF MANY?

YOU CAN'T
HURT *ME!*

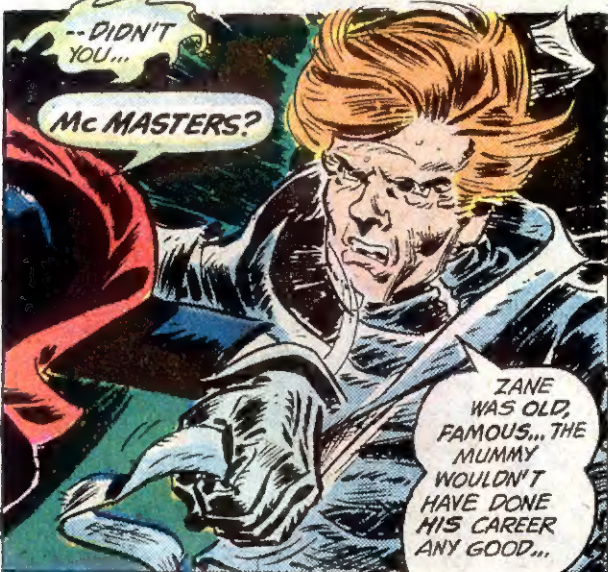


BECAUSE YOU WEAR
BODY ARMOR
BENEATH YOUR
WRAPPINGS? WILL
ARMOR PROTECT
YOU FROM THE
SHADOW?

LOOK...
YOU CAN'T
PIN
ANYTHING
ON ME! I
HAD NO
MOTIVE!



MOTIVE?
YOU WANTED
CREDIT FOR THE
DISCOVERY OF THE
MUMMY FOR
YOURSELF..



-- DIDN'T
YOU...

Mc MASTERS?

ZANE
WAS OLD,
FAMOUS... THE
MUMMY
WOULDN'T
HAVE DONE
HIS CAREER
ANY GOOD...



ARE YOU
PREPARED TO
SURRENDER
TO THE LAW?

NO!

THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT..

--CRIME DOES NOT PAY--

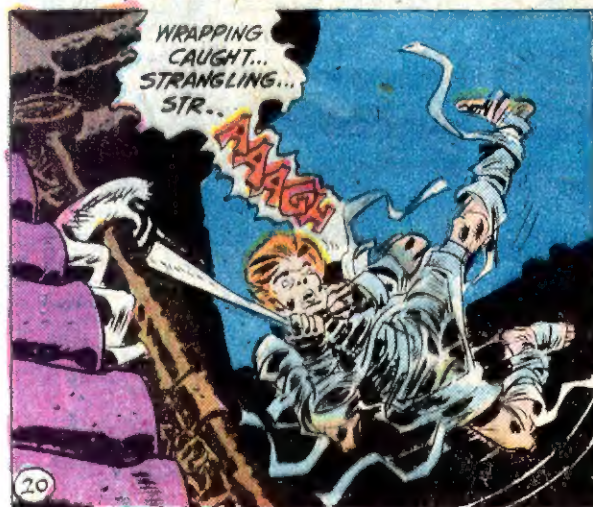
PANICKED,
UNABLE TO
STAND THE
GAZE... THE
MOCKING
VOICE,
EDWIN
MCMASTERS
FLEES...

...AND RUNS
ALONG THE
STEEP ROOF,
THE TILES
SLIPPERY
WITH DEW...



WRAPPING
CAUGHT...
STRANGLING...
STR...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY, AS EDWIN
MCMASTERS HAS LEARNED THIS COOL
MORNING... AS THE SHADOW KNOWS...



THE *Shadow* KNOWS



Because of summer schedule-juggling, I'm having to type this lettercol before much mail is in on **SHADOW #6**—here in New York, it's only been on sale a day or two. But we'll give you what we have, beginning with what I would call a rave . . .

Dear Denny and Mike,

Chinatown! Drugs! The Orient! Corrupt politicians! Martial arts! Double crosses!

All this in 20 pages of MWK's best artwork! Tee-rific!

Kevin Sexton, North Babylon, N.Y.

Dear Editor,

My father listened to the Shadow radio show when he was a kid. He said that the best thing about the show was the fact that you could use your imagination while listening to the plot unravel. I have a suggestion. How about setting aside in each book a page for a written story along with the comic story? In this manner, the reader can use his imagination to picture an adventure of the Shadow.

Sincerely,

Albert Emery, West Miami, Fla.

Interesting idea, Albert. If we did as you suggest, though, we'd have to either a) abandon this letters page, or b) cut one page from the illustrated story. I dunno . . . What say the rest of the Shadowphiles?

Dear Denny,

In the latest issue of *The Shadow*, you were lamenting over the absence of the Shadow paperbacks. Well, starting in October, they'll be available from Pyramid books. They'll be published monthly at 95c. The first will be "The Black Master."

Sincerely,

Shaun McLaughlin, Tonawanda, N.Y.

Hey, I've just checked with Pyramid and everything Shaun says is dead true. Which is fine news for us all.

Dear Editor,

In your recent *Tarzan Giant Collectors' Edition* you stated that the Shadow was Kent Allard, alias Lamont Cranston. In your comic, you said that The Shadow poses as Lamont Cranston, but that is not his real name. Please give his real name and PLEASE give us his origin. Thanks.

David Cerretag, Iowa City, Ia.

The story in this issue should establish once and for all that Cranston and The Shadow are NOT the same person. As to who the Shadow really is . . . well, we would need an origin tale to establish that, wouldn't we? David wants one, but our next correspondent, Ray Engelberg, feels differently . . .

Dear Denny,

For five issues, you've done a laudable job of sustaining the essence of *The Shadow* as it existed in the pulps. In issue #6, however, you seem to

have fallen short of the standards you've established in the past.

The fault lies in the depiction of too many emotional displays by the Shadow himself, notably on pages two and nine. Very human reactions, to be sure, but simply out of character for the Shadow. Granted, your character insight into other DC stars has been your strong point, but applying this insight to The Shadow doesn't work. Here is a figure who embodies the mysterious and the outre: an embodiment that can only be maintained through a reader-Shadow detachment that was lacking here.

This, however, was the only thing lacking in "The Night of the Ninja." Mike's art lived up to what was promised in issue #5 and the script was fast-moving and suspenseful.

And let the origin of your title character remain something only The Shadow knows.

Very truly yours,

Ray Engelberg, Bronx, N.Y.

Afraid I can't agree with you about The Shadow's emotionality in the pages you mentioned, Ray. The lads in the office here—such luminaries as Cary Bates, Elliot S! Maggin and Allan Asherman—think The Shadow was merely issuing orders to get things done in those sequences. So say I, too.

Dear Denny,

I would like to see more of Burbank and Shrevvy.

Sandy Drob is right—much of The Shadow's mystique lies in his omnipresence; he is continually lurking behind the scenes and you never know where he will show up next.

One thing about the stories annoys me—the two-page cliffhanger at the end of each story. I have utmost faith in The Shadow's survival instinct; it would be nice to have him sending the villain plummeting to death alone. Other than that, the stories do an excellent job of capturing the flavor of the pulps.

As to The Shadow operating in the 1970's—anyone who has read Philip Jose Farmer's "Doc Savage: His Apocalyptic Life" knows what The Shadow is currently doing, and with whom. It's a shame the competition owns the rights to Doc.

In any case, The Shadow is without a doubt the best comic book currently being produced. Keep it up!

Ross R. Pavlac, Columbus, Ohio

The question remains unanswered: Should we do an origin story, or shouldn't we? Your opinion will be gratefully received at:

The Shadow Knows
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N.Y. 10019

Till next time . . . think about it—but don't DO it. You may not be alone . . .